The Poets Laureate

Of England

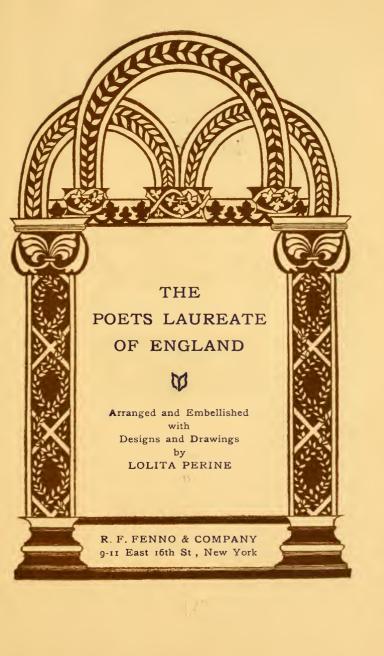
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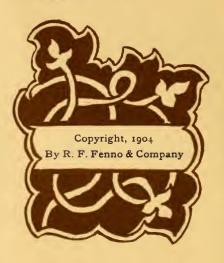




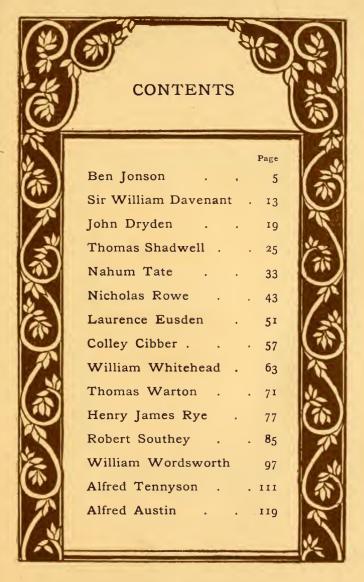


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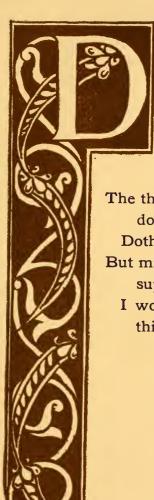












RINK to me only with thine eyes;

And I will pledge with mine;

Or leave a kiss within the cup,

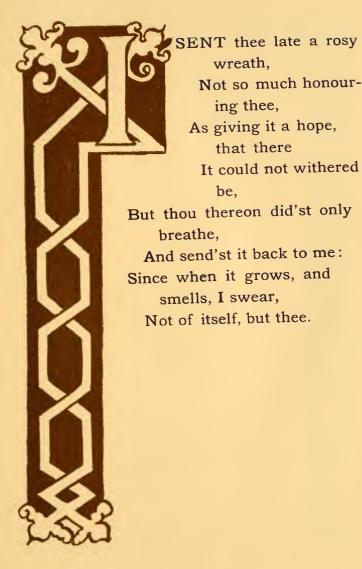
And I'll not look for wine.

The thirst that from the soul doth rise,

Doth ask a drink divine:
But might I of Jove's nectar
sup,

I would not change for thine.





















HE lark now leaves his watery nest,

And, climbing, shakes his dewey wings;

He takes this window for the east;

And to implore your light, he sings,

Awake, awake! the morn will never rise,

Till she can dress her beauty at your eyes.

The merchant bows unto the seaman's star,

The ploughman from the sun his season takes;

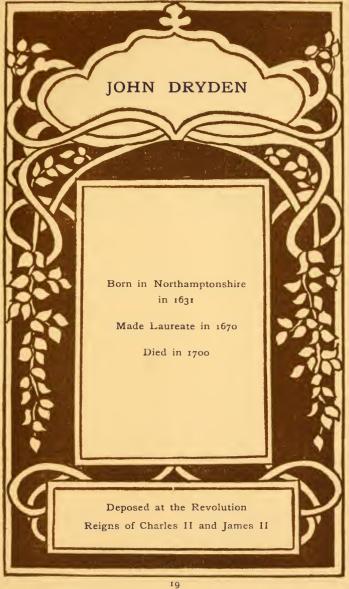
But still the lover wonders what they are,

Who look for day before his mistress wakes.

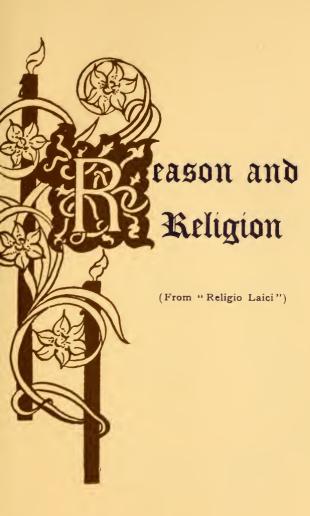
Awake, awake! break through your veils of lawn,

Then draw your curtains and begin the dawn.





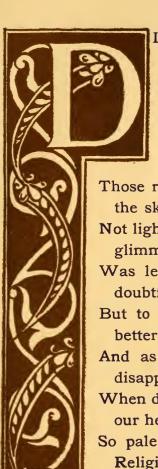












IM as the borrowed beams of moon and stars,

To lonely, weary, wandering travellers,

Is Reason to the soul; and as on high

Those rolling fires discover but the sky,

Not light us here, so Reason's glimmering ray

Was lent, not to assure our doubtful way,

But to guide us upward to a better day.

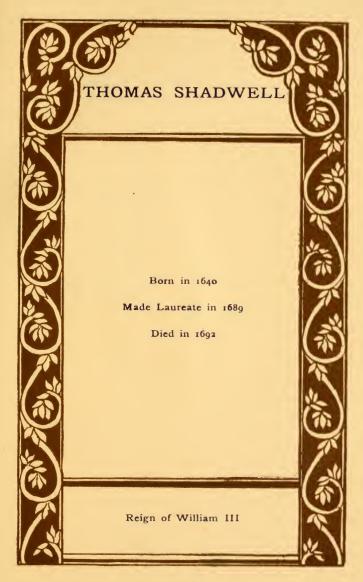
And as those nightly tapers disappear

When day's bright lord ascends our hemisphere,

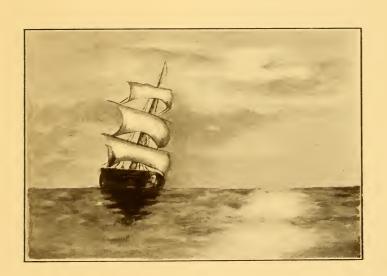
So pale grows Reason at Religion's sight,—

So dies, and so dissolves in supernatural light.

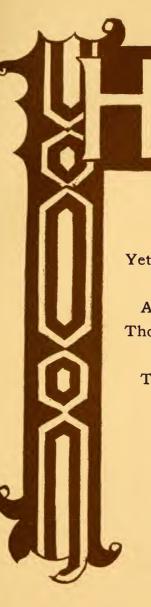












OW long must women wait in vain

A constant love to find?

No art can fickle man retain,

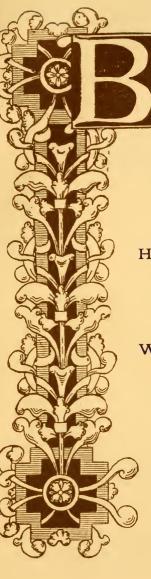
Or fix a roving mind.

Yet, fondly we ourselves deceive,

And empty hopes pursue;
Though false to others, we
believe

They will to us prove true.





UT oh! the torment to discern

A perjured lover gone;

And yet by sad experience learn

That we must still love on.

How strangely are we fool'd by fate
Who tread the maze of love;

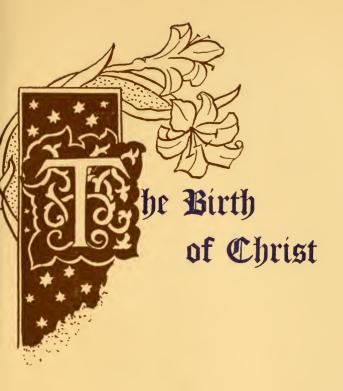
When most desirous to retreat,

We know not how to move.

















HILE shepherds
watch'd their flocks
by night,
All seated on the
ground,

The angel of the Lord came down,

And glory shone around.

"Fear not," said he (for mighty dread

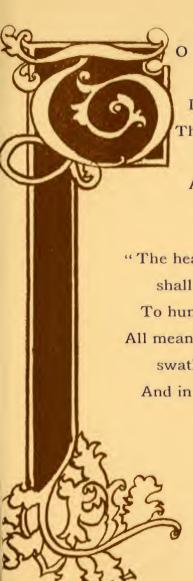
Had seized their troubled

mind);

"Glad tidings of great joy I bring

To you and all mankind."

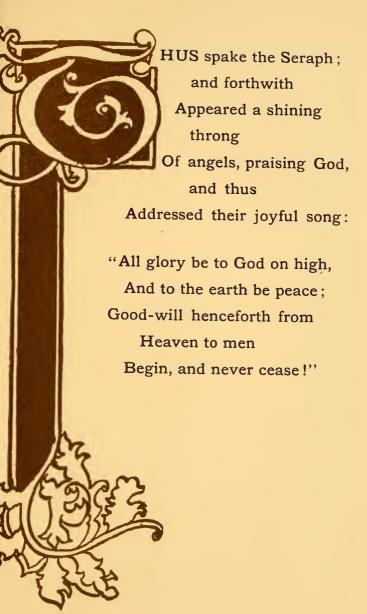




O you in David's town
this day,
Is born of David's line,
The Saviour, who is
Christ the Lord,
And this shall be the
sign:

"The heavenly Babe you there shall find
To human view display'd,
All meanly wrapped in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid."





















HAT charms in melody
are found
To soften every pain!
How do we catch the
pleasing sound,
And feel the soothing
strain!

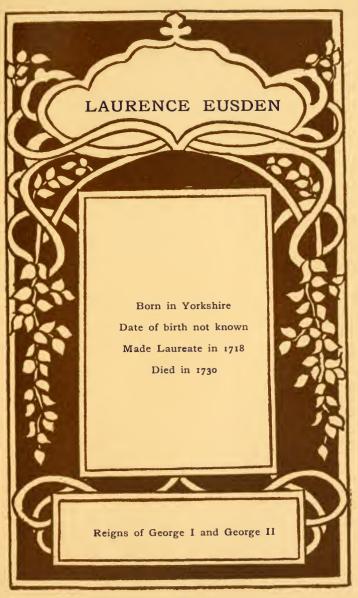
Still when I hear thee, O, my fair,

I bid my heart rejoice;
I shake off every sullen care,
For sorrow flies thy voice.

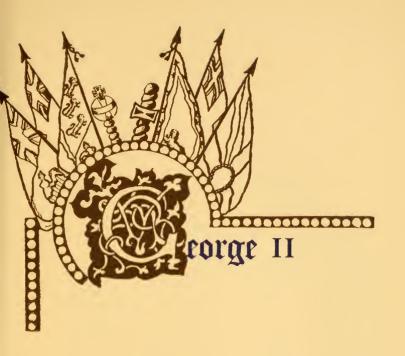








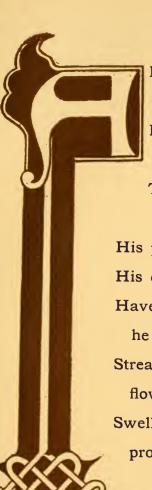












MARVELOUS child most precious sweet,

For deeds heroic, glorious from his birth,

The Rhine, the widespread Earth,

His praises send most meet.

His deeds to mountains name

Have lent since here to earth

he came.

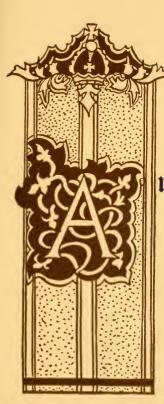
Streams which in silence flowed obscure before,

Swell'd by his conquests, proudly learned to roar,







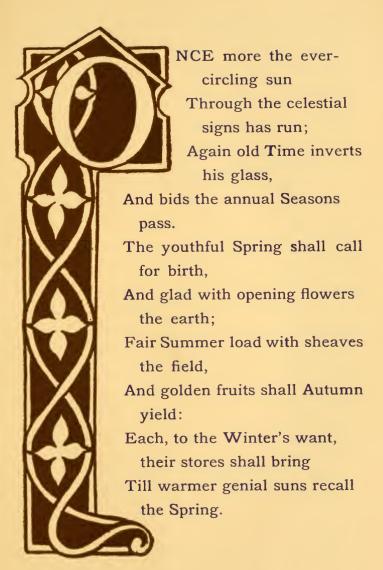


n Ode to His Majesty for the New Year

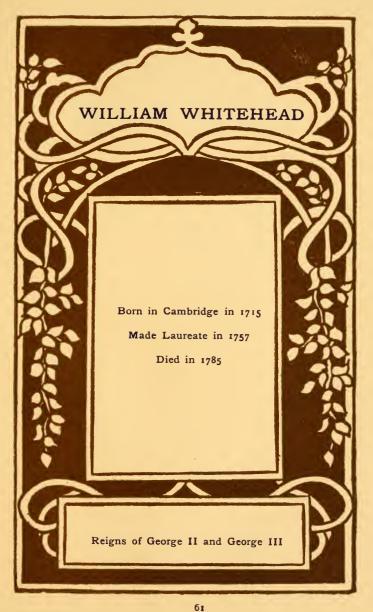




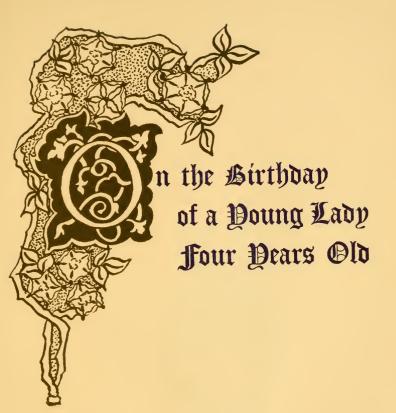








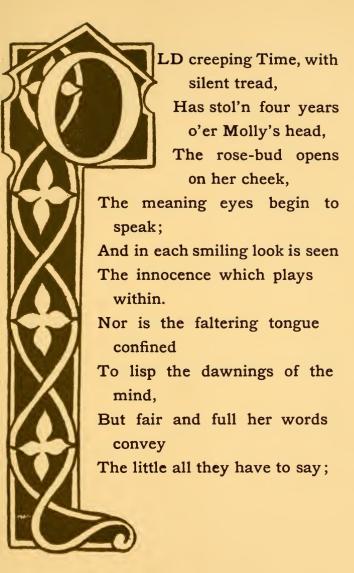




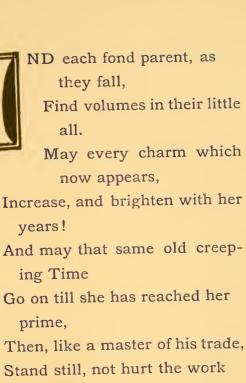






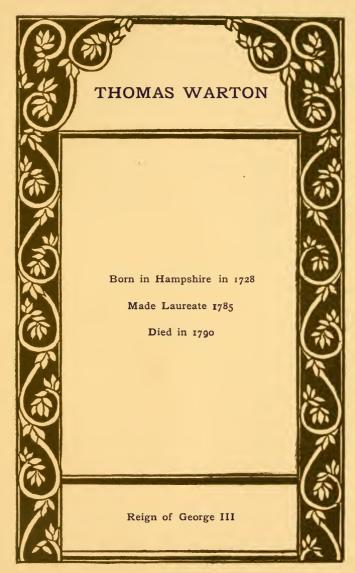




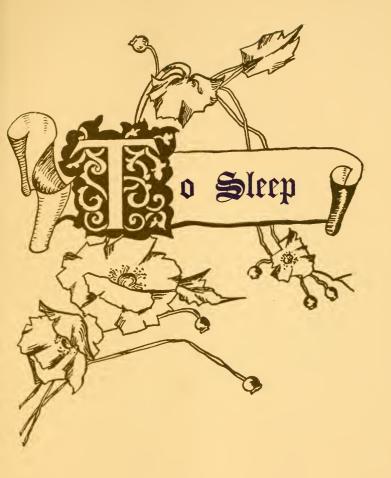


he made.

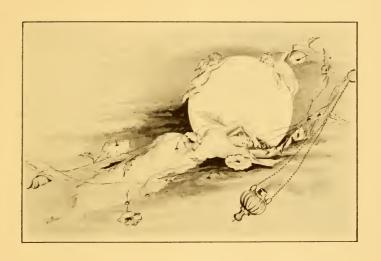




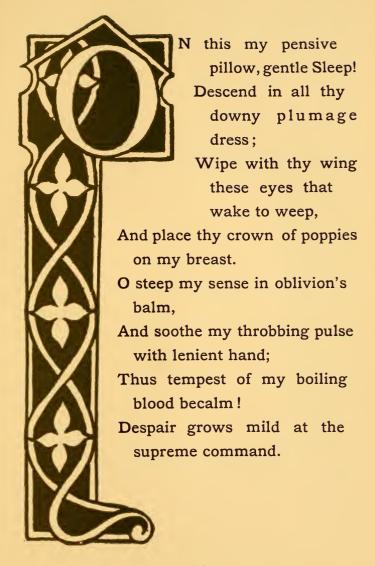




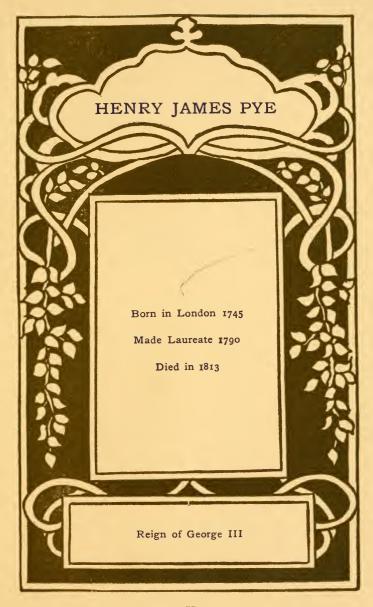












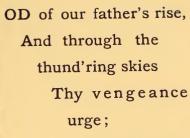








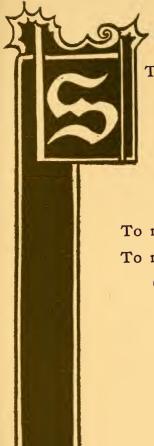




In awful justice red,
Be thy dread arrows sped,
But guard our Monarch's
head,

God save great George.





TILL on our Albion smile,
Still, o'er this favoured
isle,

O, spread thy wing!

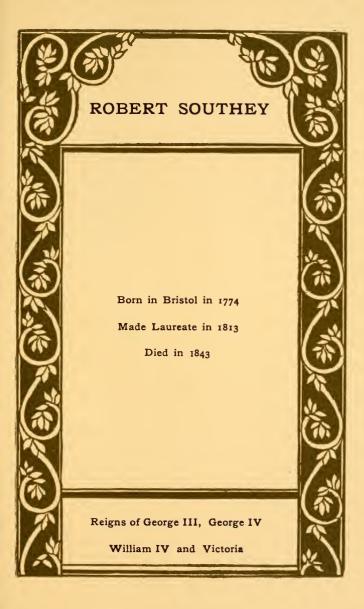
To make each blessing sure,

To make our fame endure,

To make our rights secure,

God save our King!





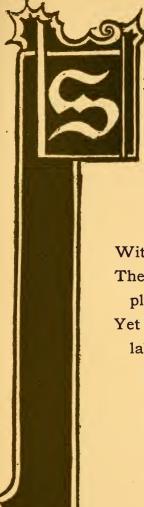












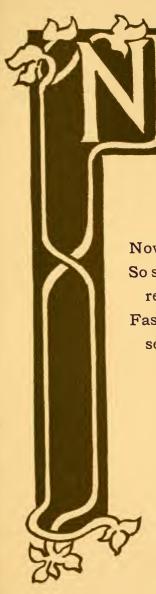
LOWLY the flowing tide
Came in, old Avon!
Scarcely did mine eyes,
As watchfully I roamed
thy greenwood side,
Perceive its gentle
rise.

With many a stroke and strong The labouring boatmen upward plied their oars;

Yet little way they made, though labouring long

Between thy winding shores.





OW down thine ebbing tide

The unlaboured boat falls rapidly along;
The solitary helmsman sits to guide,

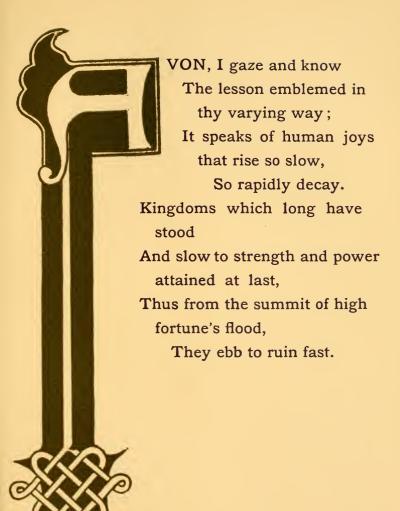
And sings an idle song.

Now o'er the rocks that lay So silent late the shallow current roars:

Fast flow thy waters on their seaward way

Through wider-spreading shores.









HUS like thy flow appears

Time's tardy course to manhood's envied stage,

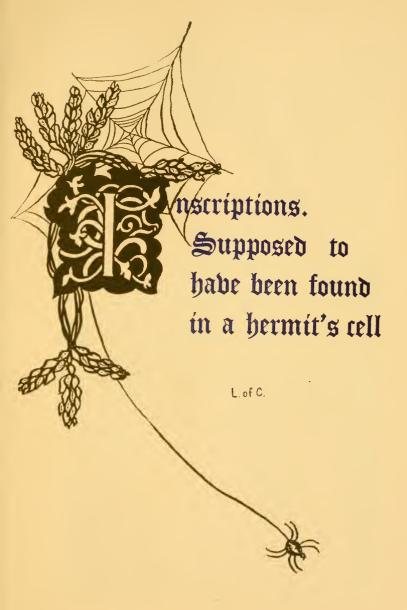
Alas! how hurryingly the ebbing years

Then hasten to old age.





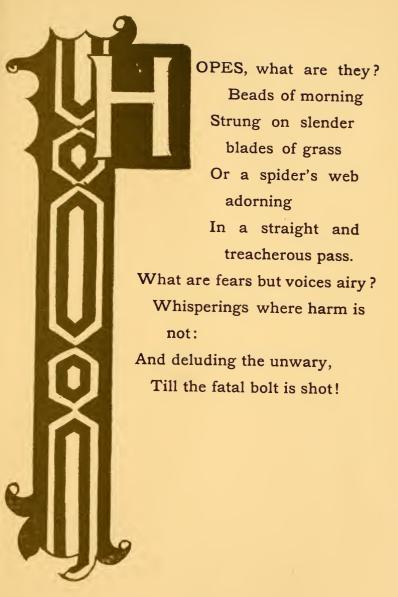




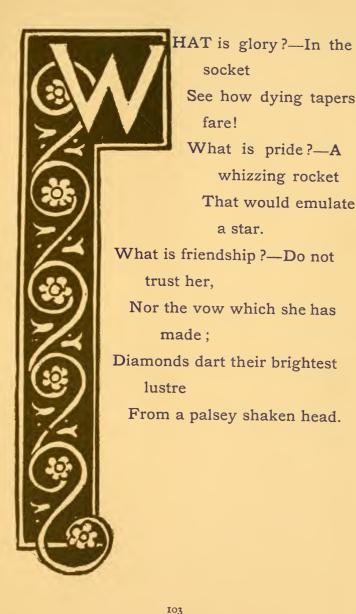




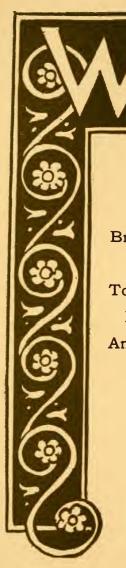












HAT is truth?—A staff
 rejected;

Duty?—An unwelcome clog;

Joy?—A moon by fits reflected

In a swamp or watery bog.

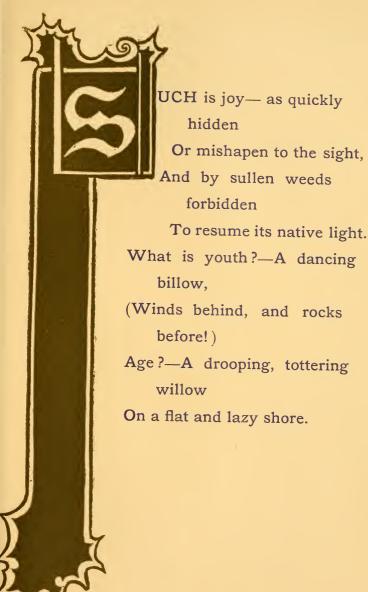
Bright as if through ether steering,

To the traveller's eye it shone:

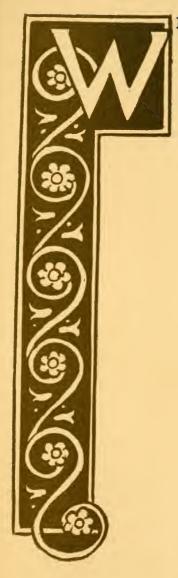
He hath hailed it reappearing—

And as quickly it is gone.









HAT is peace?—When pain is over,

And love ceases to rebel,

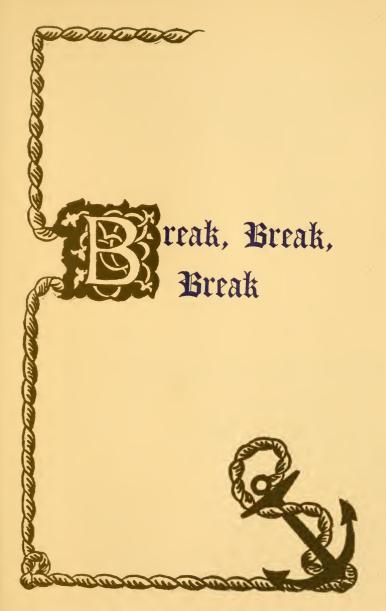
Let the last faint sight discover

That precedes the passing knell!









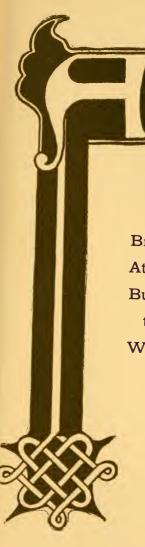






REAK, break, break, On thy cold gray stones, O Sea! And I would that my tongue could utter The thoughts that arise in me. O well for the fisherman's boy That he shouts with his sister at play! O well for the sailor lad, That he sings in his boat on the bay!



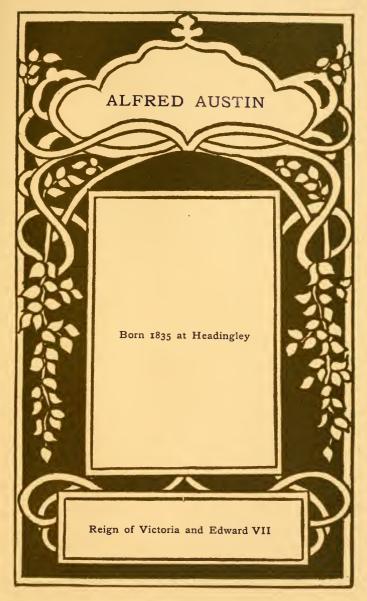


ND the stately ships go on To their haven under the hill;

But, O for the touch of a vanish'd hand
And the sound of a voice that is still!

Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!
But the tender grace of a day
that is dead
Will never come back to me.

















OOD NIGHT! Now dwindle wan and low

The embers of the after glow,

And slowly over leaf and lawn

Is twilight's dewy curtain drawn.

The slouching vixen leaves her lair

And, prowling, sniffs the telltale air;

The frogs croak louder in the dyke,

And all the trees seem dark alike;

The bee is drowsing in the comb,

The sharded beetle hath gone home;

Good night.





OOD NIGHT! The
hawk is in his nest,
And the last rook hath
dropped to rest;
There is no hum, no
chirp, no bleat;

No rustle in the meadow sweet;

The woodbine, somewhere out of sight,

Sweetens the loneliness of night;

The Sister Stars that once were seven,

Mourn for their missing mate in Heaven;

The poppy's fair, frail petals close;

The lily yet more languid grows,

And dewy, dreamy, droops the rose;

Good night.









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